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A long Chapter upon November.

WE have reached November, the eleventh month in the year. Our Saxon ancestors called October *wyn-monat*, or wine month, and this *wynt-monat*, or wind month. It is indeed a blustering season; and it seems as if winter and summer were in a furious contest for mastery. The cold winds come down from the north, loaded with sleet and hail, and for a time seem to exercise dominion over the land.

The tempest roars in the forest; nuts are shaken down from the trees; the leaves are scattered in the valley; the ocean is lashed into foam; all nature appears to be shadowed with gloom; and every living thing seems to shrink from the scene. The birds have already departed, or if any linger, they hurry away on a swift and busy wing. The woodchuck, the dormouse, and the chip-squir-

rel creep into their holes, and prepare for their long winter repose.

Occasionally, the black clouds are driven back, and gleams of sunshine creep over the land. A southerly wind, too, occasionally breathes upon us, and it seems as if the genial warmth of autumn would triumph in the great contest of nature. But, as the days advance, the strength of winter increases, and we slide into December, when its dominion becomes complete. Like an unrelenting despot, it then binds the river and the lake in icy chains; it sweeps away the last vestige of summer, and marks the boundaries of its realm with a dazzling mantle of snow.

Such is November in New England. In Old England, it is still more gloomy. The thick fogs, mingling with the smoke, hang like a dark curtain over the coun-

try; the day is dwindled to the length of seven or eight hours, and the sun rises but a few degrees in the horizon. It is quite common for it to be so dark that lamps and candles are burnt in the houses during the whole day, and frequently the stage-coaches have been obliged at the same time to travel with their lamps lighted.

This gloom of nature is, however, not without its advantages. The necessity of providing for winter is taught by it to every one. The farmer lays in his stock of fuel; the house is made tight; the cattle are gathered to the barn-yard, and thus the necessities of life enforce upon the people industry, prudence, and frugality; and these virtues become established in society. Thus it is that in cold countries the people, benefitted by the rigors of their climate, become more hardy, energetic, and virtuous. Thus it is, if you travel over the world, you will find in northern countries the finest houses, the best roads, the handsomest edifices, and, indeed, the greatest comforts and luxuries of life. On the contrary, if you travel in southern countries, where winter brings no snow, and where even November is a month of flowers, you will find most of the people idle, careless, and vicious. Their houses are generally frail and poor; their clothing slight, filthy, and ragged. Everything seems marked with poverty and neglect.

So it is that Providence balances the account with the different portions of the globe. Those who endure a harsh climate are compensated by the comforts and refinements which spring up in the soil of necessity. Those who enjoy a bland and smiling climate pay for it in various evils, social, mental, and moral.

There is one advantage which the cold season brings, and which we of New England enjoy in a peculiar manner. As winter approaches, we are driven into the house, and are taught to find our

pleasures there. The family circle is thus drawn closer together, and hence acquires a deeper and more lasting interest.

If children could always wander abroad, chasing butterflies, plucking flowers, and feasting upon fruits, they would feel little of that dependence upon parents, which is the source of many virtues. Brothers and sisters would experience little of that interchange of kindly offices and friendly feelings, which weave their hearts together with an enduring web of affection. Home would lose more than half its charms, nearly all its thousand streams of virtue and of bliss.

As I am quite aware that some of my black-eyed, blue-eyed, and gray-eyed readers are pretty sharp critics, and understand geography, I must qualify these remarks. In speaking of cold countries here, I have alluded particularly to those which belong to what is called the Temperate Zone; those which lie between the burning tropics and the frigid regions toward the poles. I know that the latter are occupied by short and squalid races of Laplanders, Esquimaux, and Samoides. The extreme winter in these regions seems to stint and degrade the human species.

Yet these polar people believe they are the happiest in the world. Sheltered in their icy dwellings, feasting upon blubber oil, and skimming over the vast snowy plains upon sledges drawn by dogs or reindeer, they deem themselves blessed above the rest of mankind. They probably enjoy their existence quite as much as do the languid and voluptuous inhabitants of the tropics.

A DRUNKEN fellow, being reproved by some of his friends for having sold his feather bed, replied, "As I am very well, thank God, why should I keep my bed?"

Pierre Ramus.

PIERRE DE LA RAMÉE, more generally known by the name of Ramus, was born in 1515, in a village in Normandy. His parents were of the poorest rank; his grandfather being a charbonnier, a calling similar to that of our coalheaver, and his father a laborer. Poverty being his consequent inheritance, Ramus was early left to his own resources; no sooner, therefore, had he attained the age of eight years, than he repaired to Paris. The difficulty he found there of obtaining common subsistence soon obliged him to return home: another attempt, which he afterwards made, met with no better success.

Early imbued with a strong love and desire for learning, he suffered every misery and privation, in order to obtain the means necessary for its acquirement. Having received a limited aid from one of his uncles, he, for a third time, set out for Paris, where, immediately on his arrival, he entered the college of Navarre in the capacity of valet; during the day fulfilling every menial task, but devoting his nights to his dear and absorbing study.

This extreme perseverance and application, regardless of difficulties, obtained its consequent reward. Being admitted to the degree of master of arts, which he received with all its accompanying scholastic honors, he was enabled to devote himself with more intensity to study. By the opinions which he promulgated, in the form of a thesis, respecting the philosophy of Aristotle,—a doubt of whose sovereign authority at that time was considered a profane and audacious sacrilege,—he attracted the attention of the scholars of the time, and ultimately their enmity. With the uncompromising hardness of his character, he continued to deny the infallibility of the favorite code of philosophy, and published, in support

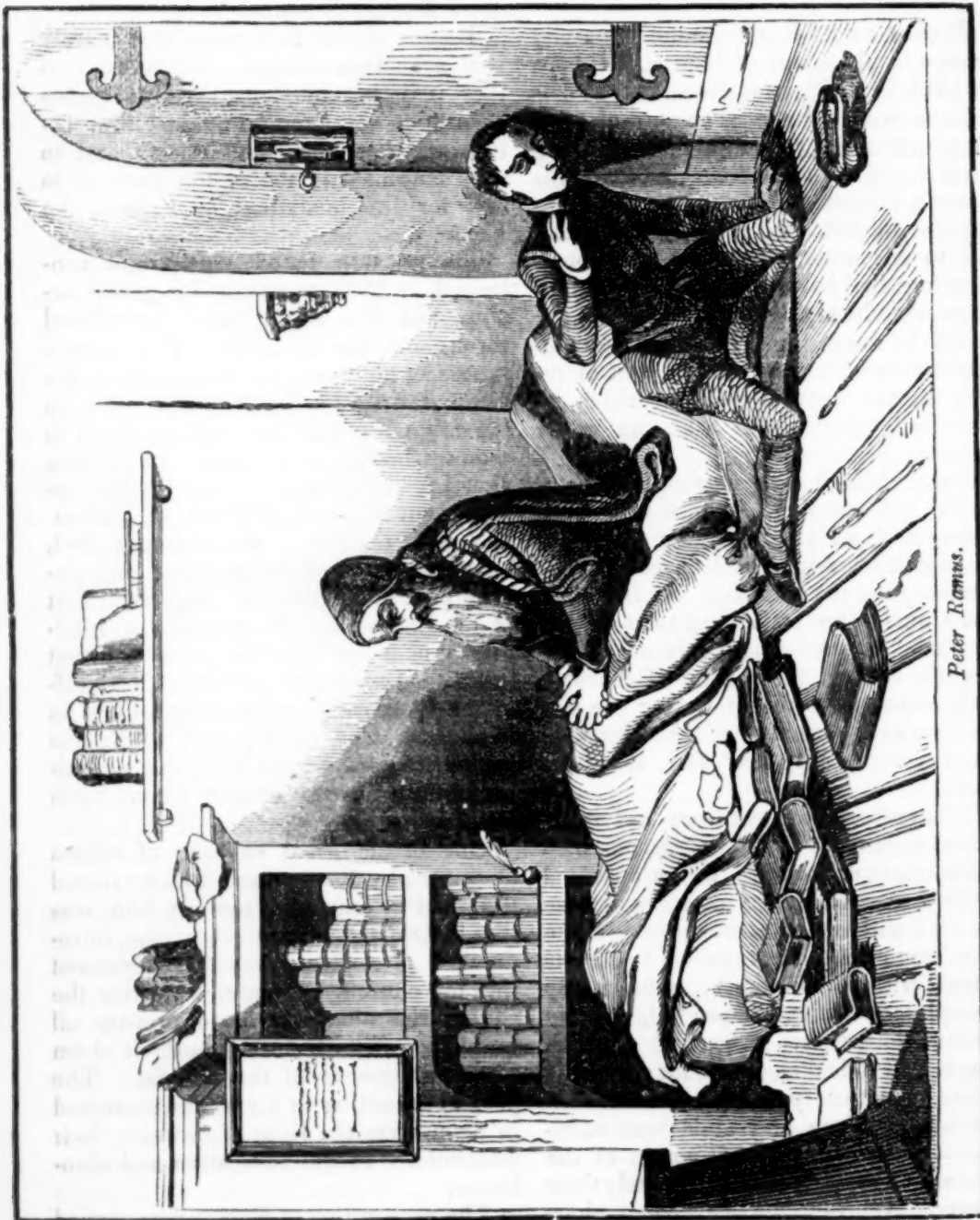
of his opinions, two volumes of criticisms upon Aristotle's works.

Ramus was at first persecuted merely with scholastic virulence, but, on his further irritating his opponents, a serious accusation was brought against him, before the Parliament of Paris; and to such lengths had the matter gone as to call for the mediation of Francis the First.

Ramus was found guilty, and sentenced, in 1543, to vacate his professorship, and his works were interdicted throughout the kingdom. This severe sentence, however, did not produce the effect desired by the Sorbonne; for, in the following year, he was appointed to a professorship in the college of Presles, and, in 1551, received the further appointment of royal professor of philosophy and rhetoric. His opinions had, however, attracted the attention and enmity of a more powerful body than that of the Sorbonne. To contest the infallibility of Aristotle, at the same time that it attacked scholastic prejudices, was sufficient to provoke a revolution even in theology. The consequence to Ramus was implacable hatred from the ecclesiastical body, who seemed intent upon his destruction.

One of the great subjects of reform attempted by Ramus, and which created the greatest animosity against him, was that which had for its object the introduction of a democratical government into the church. He pretended that the consistories alone ought to prepare all questions of doctrine, and submit them to the judgment of the faithful. The people, according to his tenets, possessed in themselves the right of choosing their ministers, of excommunication, and absolution.

The persecution of Ramus was carried to such an extent, that, according to Bayle, he was obliged to conceal himself. At the king's instigation, he for some time



Peter Ramus.

secreted himself at Fontainebleau, where, by the aid of the works he found in the royal library, he was enabled to prosecute his geometrical and astronomical studies. On his residence there being discovered, he successively concealed himself in different places, thinking by that means to evade his relentless persecutors. During his absence, his library at Presles was given up to public pillage.

On the proclamation of peace, in the year 1563, between Charles the Ninth and the Protestants, Ramus returned to his professorship, devoting himself principally to the teaching of mathematics. On the breaking out of the second civil war, in 1567, he was again obliged to quit Paris, and seek protection in the Huguenot camp, where he remained until the battle of St. Denis. A few months after this, on peace being again proclaimed, he once more returned to his professorial duties; but, foreseeing the inevitable approach of another war, and fearing the consequent result, he sued for the king's permission of absence, under the plea of visiting the German academies, which being granted, he retired to Germany, in 1568, where he was received with every demonstration of honor. Ramus returned to France on the conclusion of the third war, in 1571, and perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, as related by Moreri in the following words:—

“Ramus having concealed himself during the tumult of the massacre, he was discovered by the assassins sent by Charpentier, his competitor. After having paid a large sum of money, in the hopes of bribing his assassins to preserve his life, he was severely wounded, and thrown from the window into the court beneath. Partly in consequence of the wounds received and the effects of the fall, his bowels protruded. The scholars, encouraged by the presence of their professors, no sooner saw this, than they

tore them from the body, and scattered them in the street, along which they dragged the body, beating it with rods, by way of contempt.”

Such was the horrid death of one of the most estimable men that ever lived. The private life of Ramus was most irreproachable. Entirely devoting himself to study and research, he refused the most lucrative preferments, choosing rather the situation of professor at the college of Presles. His temperance was exemplary: except a little bouilli, he eat little else for dinner. For twenty years he had not tasted wine, and afterwards, when he partook of it, it was by the order of his physicians. His bed was of straw; he rose early, and studied late; he was never known to foster an evil passion of any kind; he possessed the greatest firmness under misfortune. His only reproach was his obstinacy; but every man who is strongly attached to his convictions is subject to this reproach.

A Revolutionary Story.

CHAPTER III.

[Continued from page 104.]

WE have related the bitter disappointment experienced by Colonel Joinly, at being deprived of the means of release from his captivity, and of even obtaining a short respite for the purpose of visiting his family; nor was his sorrow mitigated by any propitious event. Time rolled on, and the evils of his condition seemed rather to increase. The number of the prisoners had accumulated, and their miseries were aggravated by all the possible horrors of the prison-house;—unhealthy provisions, foul apartments, and loathsome atmosphere, attended by disease and death.

His own elastic constitution was also rapidly bending beneath his various cares, his incessant labors, the impurities

which he breathed, the scenes he witnessed, and gnawing anxieties for his family and his home. At last, in one of his fits of depression, he poured out his whole soul in a letter to his wife. When she received it, it sank into her inmost soul. Accustomed, however, to confine her cares and anxieties to her own breast, she did not impart the substance of her letter to her already depressed and anxious children.

She revolved the subject, however, deeply in her own mind; yet what could she, a woman, do? Even could she devise the means of escape for her husband, she knew him too well to believe that he would take advantage of it. She knew his chivalrous pride; his deep sense of duty; his devotion to the cause of his country and of humanity; and she believed that these mingled feelings would unite to keep him at his post until some arrangement could be made to supply his place, and provide for the miserable sufferers whose only comfort he seemed to be.

We may not say that there was no momentary repining, no rebel suggestions of the heart against the ways of Providence, in these stern events. There were moments when she felt it impossible to be passive. Again and again, in the solitude of her chamber, with clenched hand and flashing eye, she said, "I must do something—I must do something." It is often easier to rush into some headlong enterprise than to submit with patient dignity to the dark, uncertain course of time; to bow with resignation to the will of Heaven, saying, "Thy will be done."

This beautiful and lofty heroism is however no uncommon grace of woman; and Madam Joinly, after the storm of feeling and affection had subsided into a calm, sat down and wrote a cheering, submissive, and consolatory letter to her husband. When she had nearly com-

pleted it, she left it, marked with her tears, upon the table in the library, and went out of the room, intending soon to return.

She was, however, detained; and during her absence, her eldest son, whose name was Worthington, came accidentally into the room. His eye fell upon the two letters, and he hastily ran them over. He had known something before of his father's anxiety and his mother's sorrow, but the whole force of their distress was now for the first time unfolded to him. He was a youth of quick perception, great self-dependence, and firm resolution. Saying nothing to any member of the family, and treasuring the knowledge he had acquired in his own heart, he strode rapidly down to the river, leaped into a light boat, and pushed off from the shore. Applying the oars, he bent them with his vigorous strokes, and the little shallop glided out like an arrow upon the broad water of the sound.

The sea was smooth, and young Joinly, as if he could now breathe freely, drew in his oars, and permitted the boat to float at the will of the waves. He then gave himself up to thought. The resolution to do something was speedily fixed; but what should he attempt? Should he go to General Washington, and beg for his interference? Should he proceed to New York, and throw himself at the feet of the British general, and solicit the liberation of his parent? Should he proceed to the scene of his father's captivity, and devise the means of his escape?

These suggestions were, one after another, considered and rejected, partly as likely to prove ineffectual, but more, perhaps, because they did not recommend themselves to the young man's somewhat bold and daring humor. He was, indeed, wrought up to such a pitch of excitement, that his heart found relief in

contemplating the most hazardous enterprises.

While he was ruminating over his plans, a vessel from the eastward hove in sight. As her tall masts and snowy canvass rose to view over the bending water, the British flag became visible, and young Joinly soon discovered that she was a British frigate of considerable size. With a slow and stealing progress, she advanced directly toward his position. He waited till she was within the distance of two or three miles, when he applied his oar and swept up toward the mouth of the river.

After a short space, he paused and bent his eye upon the frigate, now at no great distance. He was well-skilled in marine affairs, and his practised eye soon perceived that it was the very ship which, several years before, had destroyed the hospital on Duck Island. His mind turning upon this event, the captivity of his father, and the desolation of the whole country, and all proceeding from one source—British power—he fixed his eyes sternly upon the flag of the ship before him, and stretching forth his clenched fist, and uttering a curse which we will not repeat, he shook it in impatient defiance.

At this instant, he saw a mass of white smoke unfold itself from the side of the ship; a few seconds afterwards he heard the report of a cannon, and, nearly at the same moment, the ball dipped in the water at the distance of a hundred yards from the boat, sending the white spray high into the air. It rose, slightly glanced forward, seeming to utter a growling sound as it passed on, struck the boat at the edge of the water, and dashed it into a thousand pieces.

CHAPTER IV.

The youth found himself suddenly sprawling in the water, but he was en-

tirely unhurt. Preserving his presence of mind, he rose after the first dip upon the surface, and said, half audibly, "That was a good shot, old bull." He then applied his sinewy arms to the wave, and, though he was two miles from the shore, soon reached it in safety.

For two or three days, young Joinly was noticed by his mother to be taciturn, thoughtful, and frequently absent-minded. Several times she remarked that his brow was contracted, and that there was an expression of unwonted sternness upon his countenance. "What is the matter, Worthington?" said she, one evening, as he sat in the midst of the family group; "why is it that you always are making up faces, as if you were going to turn Bluebeard?"

"Do I make up faces, mother?" said the youth, a little startled. "Indeed, I was not aware of it. I suppose I am thinking of these rascally British."

"And what have they done?" said the mother.

"Oh," said Worthington, smiling, "they have spoiled my boat." He then proceeded to relate the accident we have already described.

Though the danger had been passed for several days, the youth's graphic description of the perilous adventure drove the color from the cheeks of the sisters, and made even the firmer heart of the mother beat with unwonted excitement.

"Oh, my son," said she, when he had finished, "why will you be constantly involving yourself in such dangers?"

"Indeed, mother, it was no fault of mine. You seem to be blaming me for the misdemeanor of his Majesty's ship of the line; but really the thing was so well done that I can hardly find it in my heart to be out of humor. I am really suspicious that they had a Yankee gunner aboard. A lubberly British tar could never have taken so straight an aim."

"I do not like to hear you talk so

lightly of the matter," said Mrs. Joinly. "Your own life has been in imminent hazard, and it appears to me that more serious thought is due to such a circumstance; and, beside, I cannot but reflect upon the fearful state of things around us. In wanton sport, these British officers fire upon a human being as a sportsman shoots at a woodcock or a partridge. How horrible is war, which thus perverts the manners and feelings of mankind; that converts murder into sport, sets aside the great commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and makes bloodshed and slaughter a kind of chase, in which the amusement is proportioned to the number and value of the game."

The young man made no reply. He sat musing for some time, and then, rising somewhat abruptly, he retired to his own room.

In the morning, Mrs. Joinly found upon her table a note from her son, saying that he was to be absent for a few days upon an expedition of importance. It entered into no explanations or details, and the mother was left to conjecture the cause of the young man's absence. We must now follow him in his adventures.

Since young Joinly had read his father's letter and his mother's reply, he had resolved to make some effort for the release of the former. He had considered a great variety of schemes, but they were all dismissed, from one consideration or other. The accident which had occurred to him in the boat presented a new suggestion. The identical ship which had been the instrument of destroying the houses upon Duck Island was proceeding toward New York.

The desire of revenge for that calamity, which had been followed by so many disasters to his family, naturally arose in his heart. This was quickened by the wanton attack upon his little boat, and his mind was nearly resolved upon

some attempt to seize upon the commander and destroy his vessel, thus taking an officer of equal rank with his father, and having the means of securing an exchange for his parent, at the same time that he would inflict a merited retribution upon the enemy.

This scheme, wild and extravagant as it might seem, did not appear impossible to the heated fancy of the youth, particularly as he felt a perfect willingness to sacrifice his life in the undertaking. It was at the moment that he was half resolved upon this mad scheme that the conversation with his mother had taken place. Her solemn words impressed him deeply. He retired to his room, and threw himself upon the bed. The sufferings of his family and the sufferings of the whole country were strongly impressed upon his mind.

The war at this period was carried on by the British armies in a manner which was calculated to rouse every feeling of indignation in the American people. The southern coasts of the United States had been ravaged by their troops in a style befitting pirates rather than soldiers, and more recently the borders of Connecticut had met with a similar fate. New Haven had been attacked, and the beautiful town of Fairfield had been laid in ashes. These circumstances were attended with the most aggravating atrocities. Private property was destroyed in mere wantonness. Individuals were shot down, or butchered by the soldiers, where no public object could be gained.

In the darkness of his chamber, these events crowded upon the youth's imagination. They came attended with all the details current at the time, and heightened by the colors which indignation and rumor imparted to them. His own fancy, too, gave them a vividness beyond the reality; and, amid all these crowding images, his mother's words came again and again upon his heart: "In wanton

sport these British officers fire upon a human being as a sportsman shoots at a woodcock or a partridge."

In this uneasy manner he spent several hours, but at last fell asleep. After a brief repose, he awoke, dressed himself, lighted a candle, and wrote the letter to his mother which we have already mentioned. After a few brief preparations, he went forth. His step was firm, and his whole bearing showed that his resolution was taken. The gray dawn was just visible in the east. As the youth was about departing, and had already advanced several rods from the house, he paused and looked back. The venerable mansion lay dark and still beneath the arches of the lofty elms that spread their branches above it. The gloom of the scene seemed but an emblem of the shadows that rested upon the hearts of those within, and those once so bright, so cheerful, so happy. A single tear gathered in the young man's eyes; but he dashed it aside, and strode forward upon his path.

CHAPTER V.

Our young adventurer had ascertained that the *Tiger*, the British frigate of which we have already spoken, lay at anchor in a little harbor of Long Island, toward the western extremity of the sound. He had conferred with several companions of his own age, and with some friends of his father, who were still older, and they had signified their willingness to aid him in any effort for his father's release in which he was willing to lead them.

His present design was to muster these men, and set forth upon an attempt to destroy the vessel we have already mentioned, and, if possible, seize upon the commander. If this attempt, on farther examination, should not seem to be feasible, an effort to seize upon some other

British officer, of which there were several stationed upon the western part of Long Island, was to be made.

Proceeding to the house of an active and energetic friend, young Joinly communicated his design, and the two, separately proceeding to the several houses of their proposed companions, rallied about thirty of them by the time the sun had risen. Most of them were young men, though several of them were of mature years. One of them was the owner of a small sloop; and, entering this, the whole party dropped down the river.

The celerity with which their preparations were made is explained by considering that in these times the knapsack and the firelock were ready at a moment's call. The other necessary equipments and provisions were easily supplied. Nearly every man on board was familiar with the sea, and knew every rock, current, or shoal along the shore. They soon spread their sails, and, hugging the land, proceeded westward upon their chivalrous expedition.

In the space of three or four days they had reached the shores of Greenwich. They then crossed over by night to the opposite shore of Long Island, in the vicinity of the *Tiger*. Running up into a little shallow bay, sheltered by pine trees, they came to anchor. As soon as the morning approached, they despatched several of the men to reconnoitre. These returned toward evening of the following day, and brought the information that the *Tiger* was lying, at the distance of about four miles, at anchor in a small bay.

On the shore was a little village, and in the vicinity were the houses of several respectable farmers. One of these houses, apart from the rest, was occupied by the principal officers of the ship, who were indulging on shore in feasting and drinking. The resolution was soon adopted by the adventurers to take speedy ad-

vantage of this state of things to put their scheme in execution. In about a week their preparations were made, and they only waited for a dark and tempestuous night to make the attempt.

In about ten days the desired storm arrived. It was late in the autumn, and one of those chilly northeasterly storms common to our climate had set in. The plot of our little band was a singular one. They had with them an ingenious mechanic, by the name of Bushnell, who had been long engaged in preparing machinery, something like that of a clock, by which he could ignite powder under water at any given time. His experiments had proved at least partially successful, and rumors of some scheme for blowing up the British ships at New York, by this machinery, had got into circulation. The British were excessively alarmed, and swept the water around their vessels, both night and day, to intercept any infernal engine that might be stealing upon them.

Bushnell's plan, on the present occasion, was to approach the vessel in the darkness of the night, and, under cover of the storm, to attach a small skiff, laden with several barrels of gunpowder, to the side of the vessel—to connect the machinery with this, and leave it to explode. The rest of the men were to be upon the shore, and, in the confusion which they expected to follow, to make sure of the commander of the vessel. The arrangements were duly made early in the evening, and about nine o'clock Bushnell and two companions set off for the ship.

The night was excessively dark, and the wind, blowing a gale, swept with a deafening roar through the rigging. Everything favored the enterprise. Unseen and unheard, the conspirators stole over the short chopping waves of the bay, and, sheltered beneath the projecting stern of the massy hulk, took their measures with deliberation.

After a brief space, they departed unnoticed and unsuspected, leaving the little skiff, with its burden of death and destruction, firmly attached beneath the frigate.

They soon reached the shore, and took the stations assigned them with their companions. The machinery was so adjusted, that it would strike in the space of half an hour, and communicate the fatal spark to the powder.

[To be continued.]

The Musical Snuff-box at Church.

A GENTLEMAN had a musical snuff-box which played two favorite airs, called "Drops of brandy," and "The glasses sparkle on the board." He went out of town, one Sunday, to dine with a friend, taking his box in his pocket.

He went with the family to the church, and the service was about half through, when, putting his hand in his pocket, he accidentally touched the spring of the box, when it immediately struck up, "Drops of brandy," most merrily.

Every eye and every ear was directed to the spot, to the great dismay and confusion of the gentleman, who endeavored to stop the box. His endeavors, however, only made the difficulty worse, for the tune immediately changed, and, "The glasses sparkle on the board," was heard distinctly in all parts of the church, the congregation with difficulty restraining their mirth.

Finding it impossible to stop the music, the unfortunate gentleman started up and hurried out of the church, the box persisting in playing all the time that he marched along the aisle. I believe the unlucky box was never taken to church again.



John Hancock.

I SUPPOSE all my readers have seen the Declaration of our Independence, with the signatures attached. John Hancock was the president of the convention that drew up that famous instrument, and was the first who signed it. Every one must have remarked the bold, strong, decided hand in which his name is written. That was a good way to do a great action—to do it firmly, and in such a manner as to show that there was no timidity of heart, no trembling of the hand, no wavering of purpose.

It is a good thing for all young Americans to read the lives and study the characters of the great men of our country; and it is my purpose frequently to place the biographies of such individuals in the pages of Merry's Museum. I shall now give a brief sketch of John Hancock.

He was born at Braintree, in Massachusetts, in 1737, and inherited a large fortune from his uncle. He was educated

at Cambridge college, and was elected a member of the assembly in 1766, and soon distinguished himself by a talent for business, and a zealous opposition to the oppressive acts of the British. In 1774, he was president of the provincial congress, and the year after was elected a member of the general congress, which met at Philadelphia. He was chosen president of that body, and in that capacity signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

His health declining the next year, he left that appointment; but he was elected, in 1788, the first governor of Massachusetts under the new constitution. He held that office for four years. In three years after, he was again elected governor, in which station he remained till his death, which took place in 1793, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Governor Hancock possessed talents that always adorned the several exalted stations to which he was elevated. He

was one of the first and most conspicuous actors in the great drama of the Revolution, and gained, by his zealous devotion to his country, a rank among the most distinguished of her benefactors. In private life he was characterized by affability, urbanity, and distinguished liberality to the poor.

Jumping Rabbit's Story.

CHAPTER V.

The buffalo hunt

FIVE of our hunting party were on horseback, and the rest on foot. We proceeded over a hilly country for two days, meeting with no other game than a single deer, which was shot by one of the party, thrown across one of the horses, and carried onward. We came, at length, to the borders of an extensive prairie, which lay spread out like the sea before us. In taking a general view of its surface, it seemed to be almost perfectly level. But as we advanced, I perceived that it was undulating, like the ocean thrown into long waves by a gale of wind.

It was now late in the autumn, but the prairie was covered with a great variety of flowers, some of them exceedingly brilliant and beautiful. I hardly noticed these objects then. I was with savages, and they never perceive anything lovely in flowers, or landscapes, or nature's fairest scenes. It might seem that those who live always in the midst of nature's works would feel their beauty and admire them. But it is not so. The exquisite emotions excited in a refined mind by beautiful landscapes and the picturesque objects of nature, belong only to those who have enjoyed the advantages of civilization. No savage is ever either a painter or a poet. You never see these dwellers in the wilderness culling

bouquets, or making wreaths of blossoms.

We held a straight course for several hours, until, at last, we reached a little dell which was covered with trees. At a distance, this appeared like an island in the sea. Here we paused, and preparations were made to remain for some days. Early on the ensuing morning, most of the party were roused and went forth in quest of game; but the only result was the killing of two or three deer. Several days now passed, but on the fifth day after our arrival we met with more stirring adventures.

Soon after the sun arose, one of the Indians announced that a herd of buffaloes was coming. We all looked in the direction to which he pointed, and, at the distance of nearly two miles, we saw an immense number of objects, seeming like small black spots on the surface of the prairie. These gradually approached us, and we could soon hear a confused noise, like the distant roar of a tempest. The Indians were immediately on the alert.

As the wind was blowing toward the herd, they were afraid that the quick scent of the buffaloes would perceive us, and that the affrighted animals would take to flight. To avoid this danger, we immediately determined to shift our position. Those who had horses mounted them and departed, and those who were on foot followed them. Some proceeded to the right and some to the left, making a wide sweep, and intending to come in upon the herd in the opposite direction.

We were not long in performing this manœuvre. I shall never forget the scene that was now presented. Before us and near at hand were several thousands of these huge animals, many of them equal in size to the largest ox. They had also an aspect entirely distinct from our tame cattle. Their swarthy color, their wild, shaggy hair, their thick mane, the profusion of rough and brist-

ling hair about the face, the enormous hump upon the shoulders, together with the fierce countenance of these animals, rendered them objects at once interesting and formidable.

And if this was their appearance, taken singly, the spectacle of thousands of these huge beasts was hardly short of sublime. The whole mass were moving slowly forward. Some paused occasionally, to nip the herbage, or devour the leaves from a favorite shrub, and others sauntered on with a careless and indifferent air. But many of the bulls, and some of the rest, seemed to be almost constantly occupied in fighting.

Some were pawing the earth, and scattering the dust in the air; some were kneeling and plunging their horns into the little hillocks of earth, lowing at the same time, and seeming desirous of giving a challenge to mortal combat; some were already fighting, and, with their horns locked, were straining every nerve for the mastery; others were leaping and frisking as they went; and others still were plunging their horns into the sides of such of their brethren as came within their reach. The lowing of the herd was incessant, and came upon the ear with a deafening roar. The air was filled with confused sounds, and the earth was shaken beneath our feet by the trampling multitude.

Accustomed as I was to scenes of adventure I was still startled at this spectacle and, for a time, my mind was somewhat confused. My excitement was increased by an incident which immediately followed. The Indians who had accompanied me had dispersed themselves, and being upon the flank of the herd, and sheltered by the tall grass, were stealing towards their unsuspecting victims.

I had myself crouched down in a thick tuft of grass, upon one of the thousand mounds of the prairie. It chanced that a

buffalo of the largest size, straying a little from his companions, was coming directly towards the spot where I lay. He soon came near, and I could see his curly pate and the glistening of his eye. He came slowly, but steadily on. I had a rifle in my hand, but such was my amazement that I never thought of using it. I remained crouched upon one knee until the animal was within six feet of me.

It is impossible to describe the consternation depicted in the brute's countenance when he first saw me. He paused for a moment; his eyeballs stood out, his nostrils expanded, and the long stiff hair upon his neck stood erect. After glaring at me for a few seconds, the creature lifted his tail into the air, and sped away with a prodigious gallop.

He had proceeded but a few rods, however, before I heard the report of a rifle, and the flying buffalo stumbled and fell to the earth, tearing up the soil in the heavy plunge. He, however, rose to his feet, and proceeded, with a staggering gallop, for about a hundred yards. He then paused, and at length stood still. I came forward, supposing that the wound was mortal, and that the creature would soon fall to the earth; but what was my surprise, on coming up with him, to discover three or four wolves standing in front of him, and evidently on the point of making an attack.

Without reflection, I discharged my rifle among them, and killed two of them. The noise directed the attention of the wounded buffalo to me, and he immediately turned upon me. I easily kept out of his way at first; but his speed increased, and I soon found it necessary to exert myself to the utmost for escape. My uncommon speed was now my only hope. The raging beast followed me at long bounds, and I was frequently obliged to throw him off by a short turn to the right or left, in order to escape from the plunge of his horns. I had already begun

to grow weary and short of breath, when I heard a loud bellow and a heavy fall to the earth. I looked around, and my pursuer lay dead upon the ground.

After a few moments, my self-possession returned. I loaded my rifle and proceeded toward the scene of action, for my companions were now at their work. I had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the Indians on horseback attack the buffalo. I chanced to be near one of our bravest hunters as he assailed a bull of the largest size. The man was firmly mounted, but he had no other weapons than a bow and a quiver of arrows. The buffalo had perceived the approach of the enemy, and immediately fled at full gallop.

The hunter pursued, and, speedily coming up with the animal, he drew his arrow to the head, and plunged it between its ribs. It entered more than one half its length, but the buffalo continued its flight. Another and another arrow were speedily discharged, and all of them took effect. The last was almost entirely buried in the flank of the huge beast. Stung with agony, he wheeled suddenly round, and made a fierce plunge at the mounted horseman. The movement was sudden and rapid, but the blow was evaded by a swaying movement to the left. The impulse of the horseman carried him past the animal for a considerable distance, and the latter, apparently incapable of farther exertion, stood still.

His sides were covered with blood, and mingled foam and blood were streaming from his open mouth. He held his head down, his tongue protruded, his eyes stood out, and he shivered in every limb. At the same time, he uttered a low and plaintive bellow. The unrelenting hunter speedily turned his horse back, and again approached his prey. He paused a moment, and seemed to hesitate whether it were needful to spend another arrow; but, after a short space, he placed one

upon the string. The bison watched the movement, and, at the instant it sped, uttered a terrible roar, and sprung again toward the horseman. The latter, prepared for the movement, leaped aside, and the exhausted prey rolled, with a crushing sound, to the earth. The last arrow had reached his heart.

I looked over the vast plain, and the countless herd of bisons were now in full flight; plunging, galloping, and bellowing, they swept over the plain. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the scene. A variety of stunning sounds fell upon the ear, and the earth trembled as if shaken by an earthquake. Yet, amid this scene of confusion, the Indians seemed in their element. Mingling with the crowd of animals, their arrows flew, and their bullets sped. Those who were on foot, and those who were mounted, alike kept up with the flying herd.

Nothing could exceed the fierceness of their looks, or the animation of their actions. Their whole souls engaged in the work of death; their hair streaming in the wind, their eyes gleaming with fiery exultation, and speeding from point to point with incredible swiftness; they had an aspect of wildness, energy, and power, which words alone cannot paint. For my own share in the adventure I can say but little. I had several fair shots, but they were all without success, excepting in one instance. A buffalo calf, toward the latter part of the chase, was passing near, and I brought it down with a single ball.

I must not omit to mention one incident, that particularly attracted my attention in the midst of these scenes. From the moment the attack began, I had noticed several wolves gliding hither and thither, and seeming to watch the progress of the fight. These creatures follow the herds of bisons, and, if one of them becomes sick or wounded, they attack and devour him. They seemed now

o be quite aware that something was to be done in their behalf, and, accordingly, gathered in considerable numbers to the place where the attack was about to be made.

Several buffaloes had now been slain, and others were wounded. As I was passing along, I saw a buffalo that had received a bullet in his side, and was severely hurt. The creature seemed exhausted and incapable of flight. As if understanding the exact nature of the case, several wolves had gathered around him, and, squatting upon their haunches at a respectful distance, were waiting the moment when the animal should be sufficiently feeble to render it safe for them to make the attack. At my approach, however, the buffalo made a new effort, and galloped beyond my reach, followed, however, by his unrelenting and greedy attendants.

In about half an hour after the attack commenced, it was all over. The herd had passed on; but scattered along, for the space of three or four miles, lay no less than sixteen dead buffaloes, the fruit of our efforts. I must say, however, that the packs of wolves, which constantly hung around the buffaloes, devoured two or three that we had killed before we could secure them.

Several days were spent in skinning our game; in cutting off the best parts of the meat, and in preparations for our return. At last, having loaded our horses with the hides and a portion of the meat, and each man taking what he could carry, we set out upon our journey, and, after a laborious march, reached the settlement.

The new London Exchange.

THE bank of England is the focus of the money operations of London. It is situated in that part of the metropolis

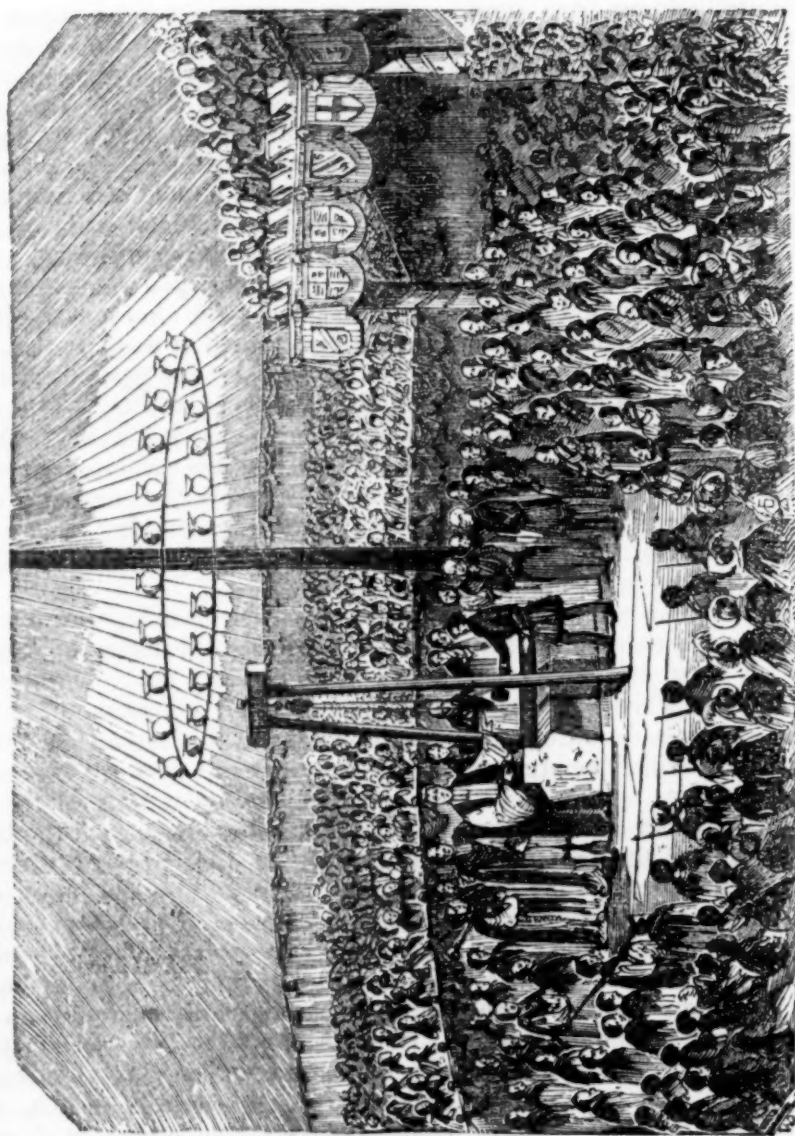
called the city, about a mile and a half to the east of Temple Bar.

This bank is an immense quadrangular building, with a large court in the centre. The number of rooms in the edifice are numerous, and a person without a guide would inevitably get lost amid its labyrinth of staircases, passages, rooms, entries, and offices. During the business hours of the day, there are constant streams of people passing in and out of this great temple of mammon.

The number of officers and clerks employed in the bank is very great, and, in some of the rooms, you see them shovelling heaps of gold, almost as freely and as abundantly as if it were Indian corn. Near the bank is the post-office, which is also an immense edifice. The number of persons at work within, the bustle and activity that are exhibited there, the marking of parcels, the tumbling about of mail-bags, the running hither and thither, seem almost to render the place a city in itself.

Near these two great buildings are the offices of the chief bankers of London, who receive and pay out immense sums of money at their counters every day. All the streets in this region are mainly occupied by persons who are engaged in the great money operations of the metropolis. Nothing can exceed the bustle and activity of this part of the city. The streets are thronged with cabs, coaches, omnibuses, and other vehicles, and with a ceaseless flood of people, passing rapidly on, as if they thought the world was speedily coming to an end.

Near to the bank was formerly the old Exchange, which was a four-sided building, in the court of which, merchants, bankers, and others in London, were accustomed to assemble for the purpose of transacting business. This court was quadrangular, and, on the four sides, were the emblems of the four quarters of the globe. On that side where the



Laying the corner stone of the new London Exchange.

emblems of Europe were, European business was transacted; on the Asiatic side, business relating to Asia was transacted; and so of the rest.

The time of assembly, in this Exchange, was usually from two to four o'clock. At these hours, you would here see a crowd of persons; and the amount of business transacted within this little square, in the space of a couple of hours, often amounted to several millions of pounds sterling.

For several years past, the opinion had prevailed, in London, that the old Exchange was small, inconvenient, and unworthy of the great commercial metropolis of the world. A scheme was, therefore, set on foot for erecting a new Exchange, which might at once be convenient, and suited, by its extent and magnificence, to satisfy the wants as well as the ambition of the great emporium of Britain.

The building has already been commenced, and considerable progress has been made in its construction. London has hundreds of edifices, any one of which would be an object of interest and curiosity, on account of its extent and magnificence, on our side of the Atlantic. But the new Exchange promises to rank among the very finest of the public buildings of London, both on account of its size and the beauty of its architecture.

The corner-stone of this fine structure was laid on the 17th of January, 1842, and appears to have been one of the most imposing ceremonies, of the kind, that ever took place. An immense crowd of people was assembled, among whom were many persons of the highest distinction. The performances took place beneath a tent, in which there were about fifteen thousand persons.

This tent was one hundred feet high, and three hundred feet in circumference. Around it were eleven tiers of seats, gradually rising to the height of twenty-

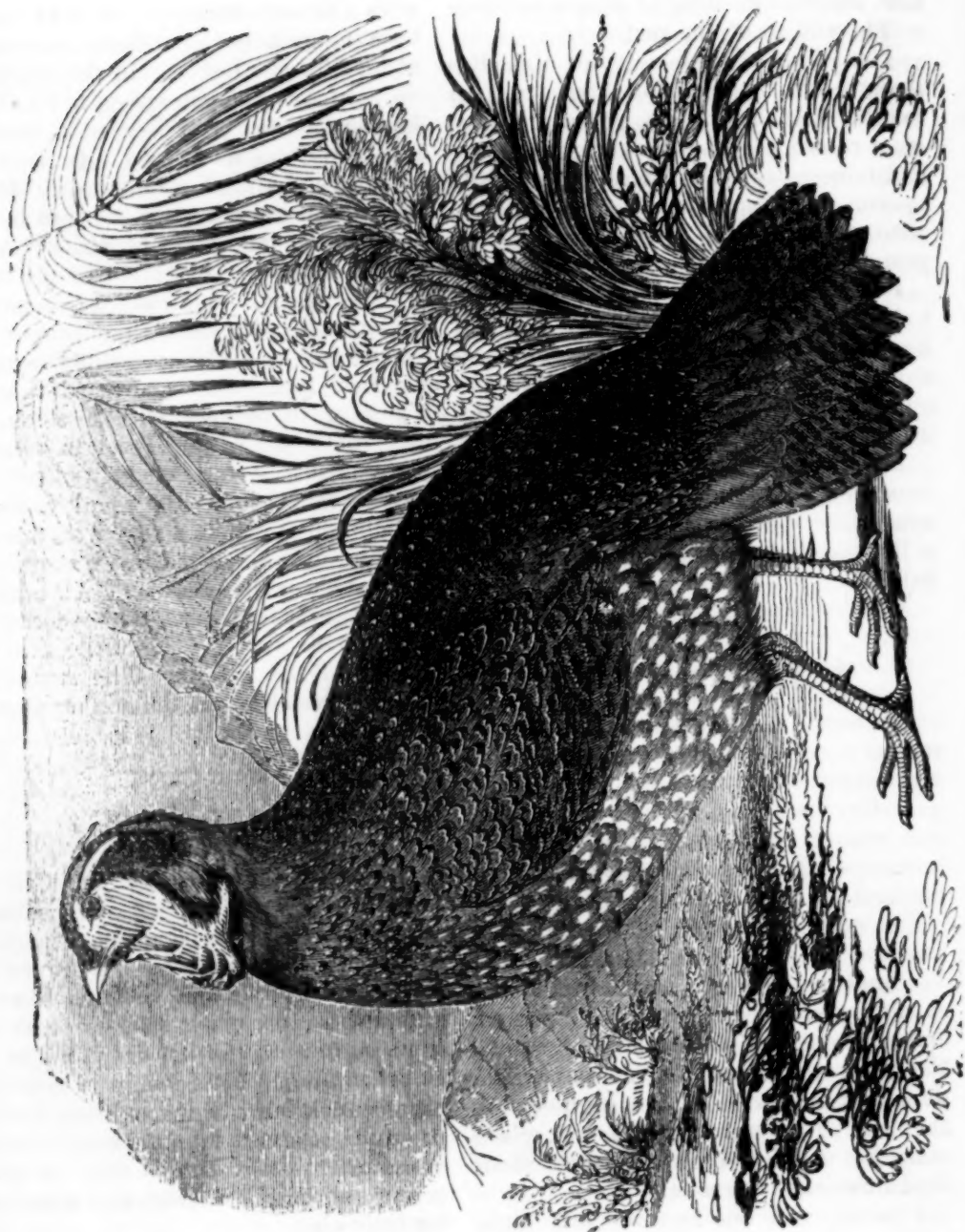
four feet. These seats, as well as the floor and sides of the tent, were covered with crimson drapery. It was lighted by a magnificent chandelier, containing about fifty gas lights. In the centre of the tent was an open space, in which the foundation-stone, an immense block of free-stone, was suspended. In front of it were two chairs of state, one for Prince Albert and the other for the lord mayor.

All things being ready, Prince Albert deposited, in an excavation in the stone, a glass bottle, containing a variety of coins, both gold, silver, and copper. A glass brick was also deposited, with an English inscription encrusted thereon. These were covered with a stone, and the prince applied the level to see that it was true. Some mortar was put into the crevices, and his royal highness smoothed it down, in a very workmanlike manner, with a silver trowel, exquisitely fabricated for the purpose. An enthusiastic cheer rung through the assembly, to attest the appreciation of the skill displayed by the prince. The stone was lowered to its bed, and the mighty pageant was over.

The Imperial Joss.

THIS is the chief idol of the Chinese empire, and is worshipped with profound reverence by many persons, especially by the chief dignitaries. The present emperor, whose name is Taou Twang, and who is now about seventy years old is very particular in his devotions to the Imperial Joss. This image is variously represented, but always exhibits the appearance of a very fat man, with an enormous belly,—one who is fond of good eating and good drinking, and who cares for little else.

A man's religion is usually an index to his own character. If we may judge the higher classes of Chinese by their



deity, we should suppose that, if they are not better than their gods, they are a low, coarse, and sensual people.

The Chinese temples, or Joss houses, are very magnificent; and it is said that there are, in the empire, about five hundred of these of the larger kind. When the emperor goes to worship the imperial deity, he dresses himself with the utmost magnificence, and is attended by all his officers of state, sumptuously apparelled. But while he thus displays the greatest external grandeur, he exhibits great humility and dejection, prostrating himself upon the earth, rolling himself in the dust, and speaking of himself, to the object of his adoration, in terms of the utmost abasement.

In the vicinity of Canton, there is a Joss house, which makes a magnificent appearance. It is four stories high, with a fine cupola. It has, also, numerous galleries and out-houses.

A Salt Water Scene.

IN one of the recent fishing excursions in our bay, the steward of the steamer had employed, as assistant cook, a simple negro, who had "never before smelt salt water," nor knew its peculiar properties. There were a hundred persons on board to feed, and, not having a very large supply of water on board, at the first dinner the steward took his aid severely to task for wasting the fresh water in boiling the vegetables, when the salt water, alongside, was so much better for the purpose. Poor Darky promised to do better next time; and, accordingly, on the following morning, when the bell rang for breakfast, the aforesaid hundred half-famished people rushed up to the table, and, seizing the coffee-cups, each quaffed a copious draught, when, phew! phiz! splutter! what a spitting and coughing there ensued! "Steward!

cook! captain! where are you? what is the matter of the coffee?" shouted a Babel of vehement voices. The steward appeared, and protested his ignorance of anything wrong, when a deputation was sent for poor cook, and he soon appeared amid the excited multitude, trembling, and as pale as he could be. "What is the matter with this coffee?" demanded the captain.

"I sure I don't know, massa," he replied.

"Where did you get the water that you made it of?"

"Why, massa cap'n, de steward scold me for wasting the fresh water for bile the 'taters, and said de salt was better; so I got it out ob de riber, too, to make dis coffee."

Hungry as was the party, a hearty roar followed the explanation of this real African bull, and all hands were obliged, in good humor, to wait the making of fresh coffee.

THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—The blade bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland "a poor man," as in some parts of England it is termed "a poor knight of Windsor." Some years ago, an old Scottish peer chanced to be indisposed whilst he was in London attending parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to show attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well-stocked larder, so as to endeavor to hit on something which might suit his appetite. "I think, landlord," said his lordship, rising up from his couch, and throwing back the tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage, "I think I could eat a morsel of a poor man." The landlord fled in terror, having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal, who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant, as light food, when under a regimen.

The Life of Columbus.

CHAPTER IV.

Columbus sails for Spain—Manner in which Columbus was welcomed on his arrival in Spain.

HAVING thus determined to return to Spain, Columbus selected thirty-nine of the crew, who were to remain. He established rules for their government, and, having made all the provision for their comfort in his power, he gave them a parting address. He recommended to them to treat the natives and one another kindly; to live amicably; to settle disputes which might arise; and he promised them, should his life be spared, to return to them at a future day.

On the 4th of January, 1493, all things being settled, a signal gun announced their readiness to depart. A mutual farewell was pronounced, and the sails of the *Nina* were soon spread to the wind. Two days after their departure, while a head wind was blowing strongly against them, and they made but little progress, the long-lost *Pinta* was seen bearing down upon them.

This was a joyful sight. Nothing certain had been heard of her since her separation from the other vessels. Fears were entertained that she was lost. But Columbus had all along suspected that her captain had separated from him with a design to search for islands where he might find gold. And so it proved to be.

The captain, however, pretended otherwise. He endeavored to convince Columbus that he had no bad design, and had been detained by unpropitious weather and ignorance of the route to Cuba. But all this was untrue. He had visited several islands, and procured gold, half of which he kept himself, and the rest he divided among his crew, telling them to keep it a secret. Columbus would have arrested him; but as he had now only one small vessel beside the *Pinta*,

he wisely concluded to say but little, and hasten back to Spain.

The wind becoming favorable soon after, both vessels directed their course eastward, stopping, however, at several islands in their way. At one island, where they anchored, an unhappy circumstance occurred. Some of the Spaniards landed here. They found the island inhabited by a ferocious-looking people. They had long bows, swords, and war-clubs. These last were made of a kind of wood so hard and so heavy as to level the stoutest man at a single blow.

At first, these savages conducted peaceably towards the Spaniards; nevertheless, their looks bespoke treachery and war. One of them returned with the Spaniards on board the *Nina*. He was treated very kindly, and several presents were given him. This was done to secure the friendship of his brethren on the island.

At length, this Indian was put on shore. As the boat approached the land, a party of warriors were seen lurking in the edge of some woods not far distant. As the boat reached the shore, they laid aside their arms, and approached in apparent friendship. They began to trade with the Spaniards, and sold them two bows.

But, on a sudden, they fell back, seized their weapons, and rushed forward to secure the Spaniards. The latter, finding themselves in danger, attacked the Indians, and wounded several. They would have made greater execution, but they were ordered by the commander of the party to return.

Columbus regretted this occurrence. It was the first unpleasant interview which he and his men had had with the inhabitants of the new world. But, happily, before Columbus left the neighborhood, the affray was peaceably settled. The chief of the Indians was a noble-spirited man, and seemed much to regret the conduct of his subjects. He made

a present to Columbus, and even visited him on board his vessel.

Columbus now prepared to take leave of these islands, and set sail once more upon the broad ocean. Every day's delay was felt to be hazardous. A slight accident might prevent their ever reaching Spain; and thus their important discovery, their toils, and their dangers, would all be lost. Their voyage, also, with all the skill and diligence they might exercise, was likely to be a long one. The trade winds were against them, and the *Pinta* had become so weak, that no great press of sail could be put upon her.

Nothing important occurred till the 13th of February. The day previous, a gale had begun to blow, and the sea was greatly disturbed. On the evening of the 13th, the indications of an approaching tempest were still stronger; and, not long after, it burst upon them in awful fury.

All that night their sails were lashed down tight; and yet, such was the violence of the gale, that they were driven forward with the speed of a race-horse. In the morning, they were still on the top of the waves, though every moment likely to be swallowed up. Through all that day the vessels kept in sight of each other; but each, as it rose on the mountain wave, expected to take its last look of its companion.

The night again set in. The spirit of the tempest was still unbroken; nay, it seemed as if the very elements were all engaged in war. The ocean, lashed by the storm, raged and roared, and every succeeding billow was still more mountainous than the one which had gone before. Each vessel continued to display a light, at intervals, as a signal to the other. For a time, that displayed by the *Pinta* was seen on board the *Nina*; but it grew more and more dim and distant, and, at length, was looked for in vain.

It was a tremendous night, and it seemed that only by a miracle the vessel could survive the fury of the gale. But, on the dawn of the following morning, she was still riding aloft, though she seemed, every moment, on the brink of ruin.

The courageous spirit of Columbus was the last to quail. He did not yet despair; but he, himself, was appalled. It was probable that the *Pinta* had gone down. It was more than probable that his own vessel would that day sink to some unexplored cavern in the abyss. His life and that of his crew were valuable. But it was of still greater moment to the world that the knowledge of his discovery should not be lost.

In this distressed and troubled state—in this season of awful suspense, Columbus was not unmindful of prayers and vows. But, alas! he prayed not to the God of the ocean; his vows were not made to him. In those days, it was the custom of many, in times of peril, to pray to the Virgin Mary, and to make a vow, if preserved, to go on a pilgrimage. This Columbus and his men now did; as if the Virgin Mary could save them; as if to go bareheaded, on their hands and feet, for miles and leagues, would be pleasing to God!

How much more proper it would have been to have sought the protection of *Him* who rideth upon the wings of the wind, and maketh the clouds his chariots; who alone could say to the noisy waters, "Peace, be still." The prayers and vows of Columbus seemed of little avail. Why should they have been heard, when the true God of the waters was lost sight of, and creatures were worshipped instead of himself?

The storm still went on in its fury: billow was followed by billow, surge was piled upon surge. Columbus began to consider in what manner he could communicate to the eastern world a knowl-

edge of his discovery. There was one expedient which might succeed, if he should be lost, and he now proceeded to adopt it.

He wrote a brief account of his voyage and discoveries on a piece of parchment, which he hastily enclosed in a cake of wax, and, putting this latter into a barrel, he threw it into the sea, with the hope that it might, at length, be picked up by some one who would inform the king and queen of Spain of the important news it contained.

Fortunately, however, the storm soon after somewhat abated, and, to their inexpressible joy, land appeared in view, which proved to be the island of St. Mary's, the most southern of the Azores.

For two days, after they discovered land, the *Nina* was tossed about, it being impossible to reach a harbor. At length they cast anchor; but, before morning, they parted their cable, and were again exposed to the most imminent danger of being shipwrecked.

We must pass over many interesting events and trying scenes which occurred before Columbus had the good fortune to arrive at Palos. We must briefly mention here that, at length, when Columbus reached St. Mary's, the government of that island seized a part of the crew of the *Nina*, who had landed, and attempted to take Columbus himself. The island of St. Mary's belonged to the king of Portugal, who had given his subjects orders to seize Columbus, should it be in their power. The reason for this was a jealousy, on the part of that king, that Columbus might interfere with voyages of discovery which were undertaken under his own direction.

The difficulties at St. Mary's were, however, settled, and Columbus at length proceeded towards Spain. Another storm now came on, and drove him into a port of Portugal. He would have avoided touching at any port of Portugal, could

he have done so with safety. But, having been struck by a squall of wind, he was obliged to make the first harbor he was able.

From this place he wrote to the king of Portugal, informing him of his situation, and requested permission to go with his vessel to Lisbon. This request was granted. On his arrival at this place, the inhabitants crowded on board to listen to the stories of the crew, and to see various articles of curiosity, which they had brought from the new world.

The king of Portugal was at this time at Valparaiso, about twenty-seven miles from Lisbon. From the former place, he despatched a messenger to Columbus, inviting him to the royal residence. Columbus wished not to go, justly fearing that some evil was designed him. But, at length, he deemed it wise to accept the invitation.

On reaching Valparaiso, he related his adventures to the king, and his discoveries, and the perils of his return. The king listened with deep attention, and, though he treated Columbus kindly, it was evident that he felt deeply mortified that he had lost the honor of this important discovery, when he might have employed Columbus himself.

Some of the king's counsellors endeavored to prejudice him against Columbus, and, it is said, advised the king to have him murdered. But Columbus was at length dismissed in safety, and again set sail for Palos. A few days brought him in sight of this long wished-for port, and, on the 15th of March, at noon, the anchor of the *Nina* was cast in the spot from which it had been raised about seven months and a half before.

The joy of Columbus and his crew, on reaching Palos, may, perhaps, be imagined, but cannot be described. The joy of the inhabitants was not less intense. The vessel was descried coming up the river, and was recognised as one of those

which had been abroad on a voyage of discovery.

The news rapidly spread along the streets; business was suspended, and the people were seen rushing to the wharves; all was hurry, curiosity, and bustle. Yes, there was much anxiety on the part of many. They had friends there; or, it might be, they were lost. But one vessel had arrived. Where were the others? One person had a husband: was he alive? a father, a brother: were they on board this vessel? or——. The anxiety was deep, and no wonder.

The ship was anchored, the sails were furled, and Columbus and his almost bewildered men now landed, amidst the greetings of the assembled multitude. Inquiries, one after another, went round in quick succession. Explanations were made as well as the hurry and confusion would allow. A long procession was formed, and Columbus and his men were marched to a church, where public thanks were returned for their success and safe return.

To heighten the joy of the people of Palos, it was so ordered that, on the evening of this very day, the *Pinta* was also seen standing up the river. She had been separated from Columbus, we have told, and was supposed to be lost. But it was not so. She had, however, only escaped as if by a miracle. She had been tossed up and down, and driven before the tempest, for days, and had, at length, succeeded in getting into a port, from whence, after the gale had subsided, she proceeded on her return; and now she came in, to add to the joy of the justly delighted people of Palos.

One circumstance is related, which all who read this story would wish to have otherwise. I have spoken of the improper conduct of Pinzon, the commander of the *Pinta*, while in Hispaniola, in leaving Columbus. From the violence of the gale, which separated him from the

Nina, he had some reason to conclude that she was lost, just as Columbus supposed the *Pinta* was lost. But, instead of waiting to ascertain whether this was a fact, Pinzon, on putting into port, sent a letter to the king and queen of Spain, informing them of the discovery which *he* had made, and claiming all the honor of it.

This was ungenerous, as well as wicked. But what was his surprise to find that Columbus had arrived before him! What was his mortification to learn the honors which the real discoverer of the new world was receiving, at the very time he came in with the expectation of taking all the honor to himself!

Pinzon was afraid and ashamed to meet Columbus. He, therefore, avoided being seen, and, not long after, died at his own house, the victim of his own pride and folly. Still higher honors awaited Columbus than those which he had received from the inhabitants of Palos. The letter, which he had written to the king and queen of Spain, had prepared the way for his gracious reception. Indeed, the news of his discovery spread everywhere, and filled the whole country with admiration and delight.

In a short time, Columbus proceeded to Barcelona, to inform the king and queen more particularly concerning his voyage, and about the new world which he had discovered. On his journey, multitudes flocked, from the surrounding country, to see this wonderful man and the natives of the new world, several of whom had accompanied him to Spain.

On his arrival at Barcelona, his reception at court was truly flattering. The king and queen did not attempt to conceal their pleasure at the success of his voyage, and took every means to load him with honor. He was received in great state, and, in the presence of the whole court, the king and queen even rose to welcome him: nay, he had the privilege of

seating himself in their presence,—an honor seldom granted to any one.

Columbus now gave an account of his voyage; told them of the new world; exhibited the curiosities which he had brought back; and, more than all—the indisputable evidence of the truth of what he had told them—the natives, whom he now presented to the king and queen.

It may be proper to dwell a moment upon the change in the circumstances of Columbus. For many years he had been endeavoring to effect a darling project. He had struggled with misfortune; he had fought his way without money, without patrons—nay, in opposition to powerful enemies. Less than a year before, he was a humble individual, and accounted by many a visionary and a fortune-hunter. But now he stood in the presence of the sovereigns of Spain, welcomed and honored by them, and an acknowledged benefactor to the world.

The news of his discovery soon spread through Europe, and it was justly considered by far the greatest achievement of the age. Its results have been even greater than were anticipated; for, in the space of three centuries and a half, we see the new world occupied by several great and independent nations, with systems of government which are likely to revolutionize Europe itself.

We shall mention, in this place, one circumstance, which we cannot think of but with regret. Our readers will remember that the person who first discovered land was to have a reward of thirty crowns a year for life. Columbus, we have said in a preceding page, first saw a light, which had been kindled by the natives, but a seaman first actually discovered the land. It was a question to whom the reward belonged—to Columbus or to the seaman. It was given to Columbus. One would think that it should have been given to the seaman, and that Columbus himself would have

wished it. The honor, no doubt, was thought more of, by Columbus, than the money.

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER X.

Something worth knowing.

I HAVE already told my readers that our little hero, whom we call Inquisitive Jack, was of a very investigating turn of mind. I do not mean to say that he was curious and inquisitive about improper things. He had not that unpleasant trait of character, which belongs to some people and some children—a constant disposition to be curious and inquisitive about other people's affairs. If he was a kind of Paul Pry, his curiosity only led him to pry into the works of nature and art, and not to be meddlesome in the affairs of other people.

I believe I have also said that, when Jack became interested in a subject, he did not like to leave it till he knew all about it. He did not, like some little people, proceed from one object to another, amusing himself for a moment, and laying up no permanent stores of knowledge. He was more like the little insect of which we have told so long a story—the bee—which, when it alights upon a blossom, scrapes out all the honey, and then stores it away in cells for future use. So it was with Jack. He studied one subject at a time, made himself master of the knowledge it afforded, packed it away in the cells of his memory, and then was ready to set about something else.

Well, on account of this trait of character, he would not leave the subject of bees until he had extracted from Aunt Betsey all she knew of the subject—all the learning she had got. I have already told you many things which he learned, but there are many others which

I have not related. I must now tell you a few of these, and then we will proceed to something else.

Jack had an idea, which is common to children, that all domestic animals were naturally tame; and he was greatly surprised to learn that dogs, cats, cows, hens, pigs, horses, and even bees, were originally wild, and had been brought into their present state by the arts of man. In the course of his conversations with Aunt Betsey, he acquired these new ideas, and he was then very curious to hear about wild bees and bee-hunters. Accordingly, his kind-hearted relative proceeded to satisfy his inquiries upon this subject. The substance of what she told him was as follows:

In nearly all countries there are swarms of wild bees, which have their abode in the forest. Their hive is the hollow trunk of some aged tree. Here they build their cells and store their honey. The native flowers of the forest, of the valley, and the mountain, of the hill-side and the lawn, afford them a supply of their delicious food, not only for the daily meal, during the warm season, but for the stores of winter.

It is a part of the plan of the benevolent Creator, that every portion of the universe shall be filled with life, so that happiness may everywhere abound. Even where man has not yet made his way in the wilderness and the solitary place, there are the flowers, with their honey, and there, amid other insects, is the busy, happy bee, to gather it. How vast must be the field of enjoyment which the omniscient eye surveys, if even the study of insects unfolds such a view as is here suggested.

The habits of the wild bees are nearly the same as those of the domestic ones. They live in large communities, build their cells in hexagons, are subject to the government of a queen, and have their periodical swarms, as we have related.

The hunting of wild bees is very common in the western states of this country. In some parts they are so abundant, that some persons become regular bee-hunters. Their mode of finding the hives is curious and interesting.

I must tell you that, when a bee sets off from a flower, to return to the hive, it always flies home in a straight line. It is one of the amazing instincts of this little creature, that, wherever it may be, it has the power of going to its home without deviation from a direct course. It may wander in the woods, it may sport amid the mazes of the flowery meadow, yet still the little creature never gets its head turned, never gets lost. The moment that its honey-bags are filled, it mounts upward on the breeze, and, without hesitation, speeds like an arrow to its mark.

The bee-hunter takes advantage of this curious trait in the bee. He sees in what direction the insect flies, and, by following on, is able, at last, to discover the hive. A practised bee-hunter often adopts this method. He notices the direction in which a bee flies from one flower, and sets down two or three sticks to mark the route. He then goes to a little distance, and starts another bee, and marks the route he takes. If the two lines tend toward each other, he concludes that the angle at which they meet is the point where the hive is to be found. Judging of the distance by the skill acquired by practice, the hunter proceeds to the spot, and seldom fails of finding the honey which he seeks pretty near the place which his calculations have indicated.

The scientific bee-hunter sometimes adopts the following method: he places some bee-bread, in order to tempt the bees, on a flat board or tile, and draws a circle round it with white paint. The bee always settles upon the edge of anything flat; so she must travel through

the paint to reach the edge. When she flies away, the white paint on her body enables the hunter to observe her flight, and her course is marked down with a pocket compass. The same thing is done at another spot, some distance from the first, and, by comparing the direction of the two lines, the situation of the nest is easily found, as it must be at the point where the lines would meet.

We are told that, in Africa, there is a curious little hunter of the wild bee. This is a quadruped, about as large as a woodchuck, called the honey-ratel. This cunning little fellow seems to understand optics; for, when he wishes to get a distinct view of the bees, he holds up one of his fore paws, as you would your hand, in order to shade his eyes, and thus exclude from the pupil of the eye an excess of light. He watches the bees, particularly at sunset, for he knows that, like other working people, they are then retiring to their homes. Following the route they take, he is able to find out the vicinity of the hive, and, when he has come pretty near, his keen scent directs him to the honey which he seeks.

There is, also, in the wilds of Africa, a little bird called the honey-guide. This creature has the faculty of finding out where the honey is stored, and it is said that, when he meets a traveller in the wilderness, he will flutter along before him, from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, and, at last, guide him to the hive.

I remember to have read a story, of this kind, a great many years ago, when I was a boy. It was in the beautiful tale of Alphonso and Dalinda, told by Madame de Genlis, in her *Tales of the Castle*. I have never forgotten it; and no story, that I have since heard, has seemed half so pleasing. Does it not seem, indeed, almost like an incident of fairy land, that travellers, wandering in the wilds of Africa, should find a little bird,

who becomes their guide to a feast of honey?

If I were to repeat all that Aunt Betsey Piper told her nephew about bees, I am afraid that I should fill a book. So I may as well bring this chapter to an end, after saying a few words about other kinds of bees.

I might talk a long time about the humble-bee, or, as some of my little readers call him, the bumble-bee. He is very large, and goes about with an air of importance, like some fat, bustling people that we know of. He has one habit which it is well not to imitate, and that is, of always humming a tune as he roams about. This bee makes his nest of moss, in the hay-field, usually beneath a heap of stones, or in some excavation of the earth. Two or three dozen usually assemble together, and carry on the various operations of the little community.

The mason bee builds her nest in the hole of an old wall, of little pieces of clay. She makes four or five cells, of the size of a thimble, in each of which she lays an egg. The carpenter bee makes a nest in an old post, by boring a hole, twelve inches long, with her teeth. In these holes she lays her eggs.

We could tell some of Aunt Betsey's curious stories about upholstery bees and leaf-cutter bees, and we could say a good deal about their spiteful cousins, the wasps and hornets. But we must close the chapter by remarking, that all these different branches of the bee family live in communities, make and store honey, hatch their young from eggs, adopt a kind of despotic government, and carry a sharp sword sheathed in the tail.

Stomach of the Horse.

WHEN we think of the adaptations of animal structure to the different conditions of living creatures, the camel, the

ship of the desert, immediately occurs; and no doubt it is highly interesting to observe how this animal is adapted to the sandy wastes, in its eye, its nostril, its foot, the cells of its stomach, and its capacity of endurance. But it is, perhaps, more important to look to *our* domestic animals, and, of all, the most deserving of attention is the horse.

Of all creatures, the horse has the smallest stomach, relatively to its size. Had he the quadruple, ruminating stomach of the ox, he would not have been at all times ready for exertion; the traveller could not have baited his steed and immediately resumed his journey. The stomach of the horse is not so capacious, even when distended, as to impede his wind and speed; and the food is passing onward with a greater degree of regularity than in any other animal.

A proof of this is, that the horse has no gall bladder. Most people understand that bile is necessary to digestion, and the gall-bladder is a receptacle for

that bile. Where the digestive process is performed in a large stomach, and the food descends in larger quantities, and at long intervals, the gall bladder is necessary; and there is that sympathy between the stomach and gall bladder that they are filled and emptied at the same time. The absence of the gall bladder in the horse, therefore, implies the almost continual process of digestion, which again results from the smallness of the stomach.

Another peculiarity in the horse is the supply of fluid. When the camel drinks, the water is deposited in cells connected with the stomach; but if a horse drinks a pail of water, in eight minutes none of that water is in the stomach; it is rapidly passing off into the large intestines and cæcum. We cannot resist the conviction that this variation in the digestive organs of the horse is in correspondence with his whole form and properties, which are for sudden and powerful, as well as long-continued exertion.



Patriotism.

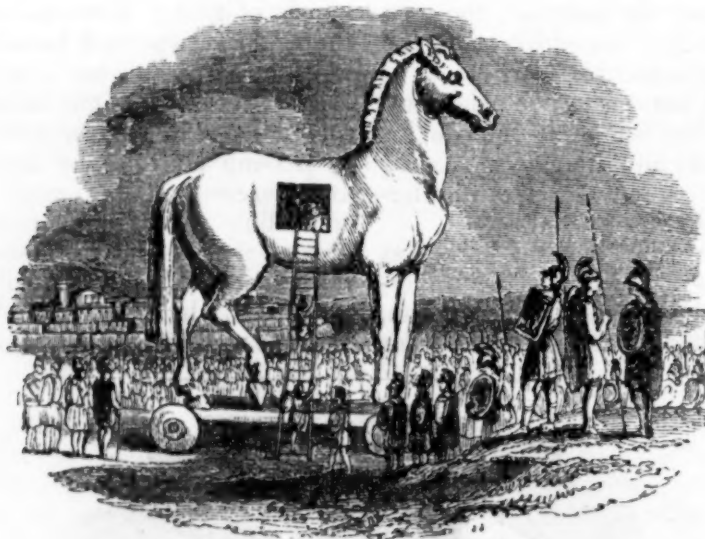
AN interesting story of Codrus, the last king of Athens, is handed down by the historian. When the Heraclidae made war against Athens, one of the

oracles, in which the Grecians placed great confidence, and which they were accustomed to consult on important occasions, declared that victory would be granted to them provided they abstained from injuring the Athenian king.

Codrus was a man of noble soul, and preferred the happiness of his country to everything else. Accordingly, he determined to sacrifice his life in order to

secure success to the Athenians. With this view, he dressed himself as a common person and entered the enemy's camp. He provoked a quarrel with a soldier, and was immediately slain.

The Heraclidæ soon discovered that they had killed the Athenian king, and, knowing that they had violated the condition upon which the oracle promised them success, became alarmed, and discontinued the war.



The Wooden Horse.

ONE of the most famous poems ever produced, is that entitled the Iliad. This was written by a man called Homer, who composed it in several different fragments, and went about the country reciting them to the people. He lived about nine hundred years before Christ.

The scene of the Iliad is laid along the north-eastern shore of the Mediterranean sea. It gives an account of a terrible war, carried on by the Greeks against the city of Troy. This lasted for ten years, and resulted in the overthrow of that city. The events, as re-

lated by Homer, are, many of them, curious and remarkable. He not only describes the deeds of military heroes, but he represents the gods and goddesses, —such as Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Juno, Venus, and others, as taking part in the struggle; at one time aiding and animating their friends, and, at another, baffling or overthrowing their enemies.

The principal leaders, on the part of the Greeks, are Ajax, Achilles and Ulysses. Those on the part of the Trojans, were Hector, Priam and Paris. The characters of these heroes are drawn

with great power and skill by the poet, though we cannot but shudder at the bloody and savage acts which they perform. The manner in which Troy was at last taken, is thus related by Homer. It seems that Ulysses, who was a very artful and contriving man, caused an immense wooden horse to be made, capable of holding a considerable number of people. This was filled with soldiers, and offered, as a present, to the Trojans. These, having no suspicion of what was in the horse, accepted the present with great pleasure. A part of the walls, which surrounded and defended the city, was removed, and the immense horse was rolled in, amid the acclamations of the crowd. The breach in the wall was then closed up, and the Trojans were

left with their admired, but dangerous present.

In the middle of the night, when the people of Troy were wrapped in profound sleep, the soldiers, who were locked up in the bowels of the horse, stole out and spread themselves over the city. They then set fire to it in various places, and opened the gates to their friends, the Greeks, without. These were waiting for the opportunity, and rushed into the city.

The Trojans were now suddenly awakened from their repose, and, when they went forth, they beheld their houses in flames and the enemy filling the streets. Most of the inhabitants were put to the sword. Such is old Homer's story of the Wooden Horse.



Hannibal crossing the Alps.

ONE of the most wonderful events related in history, is that of Hannibal's crossing the Alps, with an army of many thousand men, about two thousand years ago.

At that period, Rome, a city of Italy, and Carthage, a city of Africa, were at war. Hannibal was the Carthaginian general, and, being in Spain with his

army, he determined to lead them into Italy. He, accordingly, crossed the Pyrenees and entered France, in his march. But now the Alps, the loftiest mountains in Europe, lay between him and Italy. They were not only many thousand feet in height, but their tops were covered with perpetual snow and ice. There were no roads over these cold and desolate regions, and no general had ever before thought of leading an army across them.

But Hannibal was a bold and enterprising man. He did not follow in the footsteps of those who had gone before, but struck out new paths for himself. He carefully examined the mountains, and, while he thus saw the difficulties, he felt sure that they could be overcome.

It must have been a strange and interesting sight to have seen the soldiers climbing up the steep, shaggy sides of the mountains, creeping along the dizzy edges of the precipices, crossing the dark and narrow ravines, and ascending

and descending the steep and slippery glaciers. It must have been curious to have seen the elephants, of which there were several hundreds attached to the army, climbing over the lofty peaks of the mountains. It must have astonished the inhabitants of Italy to have seen the vast army, after crossing a barrier regarded as insurmountable, now pouring down upon their smiling plains like an overwhelming torrent, and spreading the terrors of war on every hand.

This achievement of Hannibal has ever been regarded as one of the wonders of history. A little more than forty years ago, Buonaparte, also, crossed the Alps with a large army; but he enjoyed many advantages not possessed by the Carthaginian hero. He had better equipments, tools and implements for his purpose, and possessed far more skilful engineers. His soldiers, also, were better fitted to aid in such an enterprise. The achievement, however, is esteemed one of the greatest exploits in the life of Napoleon.



The House of our Childhood.

THERE is no word in our language that has a sweeter sound than *home*. It is the place where we began our existence—where life opened upon us. It

was here that our parents dwelt; it was here that brothers and sisters lived; it was here that we became acquainted with good and evil. And now, when we have parted with home, we look back to that dear spot with an affection amounting almost to transport.

How beautiful has the old house become by that enchantment which distance lends to the view! How is every room consecrated in the memory by some little incident treasured in the heart! How many things about it are associated with a mother's voice—a mother's look—a father's hallowed tone! How is every spot, around the dwelling, touched with the hues of childhood's romance and poetry, where

Not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams!

My little readers, let me tell you a secret. There is no time in life more happy than childhood. You will find no friends in life better than father and mother; no attentions truer than those of brothers and sisters; no place sweeter than home. Think of these things, and do all you can to make home still happier, and to enjoy and deserve the blessings which home furnishes to those who are virtuous.

Blessing on a Child.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

AND the bonnie babe! on her
All your choicest gifts confer;
Just as much of wit and sense
As may be hers without pretence—
Just as much of grace and beauty
As shall not interfere with duty—
Just as much of sprightliness
As may companion gentleness—
Just as much of firmness, too,
As with self-will has naught to do—
Just as much light-hearted cheer
As may be melted to a tear
By a word, a tone, a look,
Pity's touch, or Love's rebuke—
As much of frankness, sweetly free,
As may consort with modesty—

As much of feeling as will bear
Of after life the wear and tear—
As much of life—but, fairies! there
Ye vanish into thinnest air;
And with ye parts the playful vein
That loved a light and trivial strain.
Befits me better, babe! for thee
T' invoke Almighty agency—
Almighty love—Almighty power,
To nurture up the human flower;
To cherish it with heavenly dew,
Sustain with earthly blessings too;
And, when the ripe, full time shall be,
Engraft it on eternity.

Varieties.

A PUZZLER.—Will some of my little readers learn to repeat the following: "Mr. B, did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? because Mr. C. said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?"

FEEDING THE POULTRY.—I know a little girl, who feeds her mother's poultry; and I believe she takes the entire care of them. She gives them corn to eat, and fresh water to drink, every day. There is one chicken, which she says is very greedy, and always tries to get more than his share; and that, you know, is very disagreeable. So his little mistress shuts this greedy fowl up, sometimes, in a coop, and makes him eat his dinner by himself, as she thinks he sets a bad example to the other chickens. Do you not think so, too?

A SHARP REPLY.—A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him, with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow, 't is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." "T is very likely you may," replied the man, "for I am sowing hemp."

AN IMITATIVE HORSE.—A gentleman had a horse, which, after being kept in the stable for some time, and turned out into the field, where there was a pump well supplied with water, regularly obtained a quantity therefrom by his own dexterity. For this purpose, the animal was observed to take the handle in his mouth, and work it with his head, in a way similar to that done by the hand of man, until a sufficiency of what nature called for was produced in the trough.

QUEER.—A country editor, having no deaths in his paper, put in this notice: "Several deaths unavoidably deferred."

Our Correspondence.

NOTES, letters and billets, puzzles and charades, cuts and compliments, praise and blame, are here before us, for which we return our hearty thanks to our little correspondents. We insert the following, which is all we can do this month. We are now winding off all our stories for the close of the year, and are preparing lots of pleasant things for the first of January. So, gentle readers, all, pray hold us excused, if we have omitted particularly to acknowledge any of your kind favors.

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, W. T., 1843.

ROBERT MERRY, ESQ.:

My Dear old Friend,—Your "Museum" has been very amusing, as well as instructive, to me and my little brothers, during the last year. And, my dear father having made us a new-year's present of one dollar, I think the best use we can make of it is to send it to you, for which we wish you to send us the Museum during the year 1843; and, by so doing, you will very much enhance the pleasure of your little friends in the wilds of Wisconsin.

G. F. C.

A "CONSTANT READER" sends us the following charade:

When walking by the water's side,
My *first* you oft may see;
And if a lamp your steps should guide,
My next would in 't be:
My whole does form a lady's name,
Who long has been beloved of fame.

ELIZABETH B. guesses that the answer to the geographical puzzle, in the September number, is, "Merchants' Exchange," and she guesses right.

ANOTHER correspondent, who calls himself a "reader of Merry's Museum," has furnished us with a similar answer.

I AM pleased with the letter from our limping friend, which follows. I have a sort of sympathy and fellow-feeling for every one who has been upon crutches and carries a cane—if it be for use, and not for display. Our little correspondent has hard fortune, but let him keep a good heart. Mind Bob Merry, and go ahead.

MACHIAS, Sept. 7, 1843.

Good morning, Mr. Merry!

Dear Sir,—I am a blue-eyed friend and subscriber. I have taken your Museum ever since it was published. I like it very much indeed. The story of the Siberian Sable-Hunter, and Merry's Adventures, please me best. Would you be so good as to put in some more stories about "Bill Keeler?" Bill was an honest chap. I am lame, but was not shot through the knee, like you. I used to walk on crutches for four years, but now I only use a cane.

I was twelve years old the twenty-second day of February, Washington's birth-day. I like Washington very much; he did so much good for his country.

Will you not publish some original stories about China and the emperor Napoleon? By so doing, you will gratify your little friend. Please write an answer to my letter.

SAMUEL H.——

WE have received a very pretty letter from Sophia M. T. She scolds us a little, and she has reason. But she shall hear from "the old man in the corner," and perhaps he will be able to make amends for his delay.